Sir *Fardinando Fumbler*,
Clerk of the Company.

Fumblers-Hall.

KEPT

And holden in *Feeble-Court*,

at the sign of the *Labour-in-vain*, in *Dee-litt'e-Lane*,

Wherein divers Complaints & Agrievances, of the Feminines in *Cornucopia*, are presented to the grave wisdoms of the Masters of that Company: concerning Non-performance, want of due benevolence, Deficience and Corporal Disabilities in Man-kind, whereby poor distressed *Females* Languish under a pressing weight of misery, not only to the great decay of their Trade and occupations, but to the Destruction of Generation it self.

Whereunto is Added the *Second* part, newly discovered and set forth for information of delinquents that are to answer to these interrogations that shall be objected against them.

Printed for J. Clarke, W. Thackeray, and T. Passinger.

The Summons being granted to Sir *Fardinando Fumbler*, Clerk of the ſaid Company, to Cite in theſe perſons following, *Viz.*

	Complaints againſt	
Allice All-cock.		*Sir Nicholas Fribble*
Ione Would-have-more,		*Daniel Doe-little,*
Doll Hold-up,		*Fran. Fain-would,*
Kate Knockwel,		*Will. Dry-bones,*
Nan Tickle-tail,		*Peter Bad-cask.*
Beſs Bear-up-ſtiff.		*Simon Silly-P---*

VVho are all to anſwer to What ſhall be objected againſt them.

VVhereunto is added.

	againſt	
Margery Marall,		*Jack Jolly-boy,*
Suſan Shrews-face,		*Dick Draball,*
Cicilly Sue-pot,		*Robin Rocks-by,*
Winney Wagtail.		*Joſeph Wood-cock*

All Delinquents, and to anſwer to their ſeveral crimes.

Fumblers-Hall.

The PROLOGUE.

COme you brave Artists of the horned trade
That boast how many m rr'd how many made,
You need none but your own Artillery,
To advance the mistery of eniquity;
The Su'u b: are so full you wed may rally (alley
From street, from l ne, from court. form yard from
B th tar and tar, b th short as well as tall,
May all-a-row now march to Fumblers-Hall:
There do your duties to prevent your scorns,
Pay tribute to the vertue of the Horns.

THe Females of Cornucopia, being a great number of agrieved Mortals that a long time have Languished: gnaw Sheets, eat Oatmeal, and licked Walls for satisfaction of their longing desires, & finding none to pitty their cases, but growing worse and worse in their desired facultp, resolved with one consent to draw up their agrievances; and present them to the Ma-

sters of the Corporation of Fumblers-Hall. The said Masters being Twenty four in number, whereof twelve were Men-Midwives, the other, Sons of Apothecaries, that had studied Aristotles *Problems*, the Birth of *Man*, & divers learned Authors, that hath treated largely on the Art and Occupation of the Femenines, in the way of Fructification, and increase of their Members: these being head men of the City of Cornucopia, having many complaints and Agrievances presented them from the agrieved parties of Females in & about the City, resolved to build them a new Hall, all the Timber thereof being horn-beam, & a roof of Unicorn Horn, richly guilded, Studded, and Imbossed with lesser Horns, of all sorts of colours: the Table, Chair, and stools, being all of them of the same Livery: This Hall for the curiosity thereof, as far exceeded all other Halls, as the Crosse in Cheapside did exceed the horned Pillar in Kent; being built in Feeble-Court, at the sign of the labour-in-vain, near unto the Maiden-head in *Doe*-little-Lane; where the Court being set, Sir Fardinando Fumbler called in these persons following.

Clerk. Alice Allcock, and Sir Nicolas Fribble, come into the Court, and answer to

those

those objections alledging each from a-ther.

Master. Speak Allice, what canst thou say against Sir Nicholas?

Alice. An't please this Honourable Table, I have been his obedient Creature, waking and sleeping, these 3 long years, and yet am as pure a Virgin, as ever lay by the side of a young Bride-groom; & so am like to continue for him, whereby I receive many taunts and jeers of my Neighbours, who call me Barren-Doe, & and a thousand such names: when 'tis known, Gentlemen, the fault is not mine in the least: I have done my endeavour up and down, ever since I was his Wife, fed him with Anchovis, Caviarre, bought bottles of Muskadine, Montefiasco Frontimack: nay, he has wanted nothing that the industry of Woman could invent, to make him capable of doing his duty: Yet he is no more to me, Gentlemen, than a straw in the Nostrils of a cow, a very slug, a meer fribble, an it please ye, Gentlemen hear what he can alledge for himself.

Mast. Sir Nicolas answer for your self, what can you alledge against the accusation of the Woman?

Sir Nicholas. So please your Grave

Worships to consider of the Impudence of this woman, who is more insatiate then the Grave, nay, Hell it self: no man though never so lusty, being able to give her satisfaction: besides, one sluttish nasty trick she hath, that every night she Farts in her sleep, which above all the rest of her bad qualities, is most hateful to me.

Mast. That is but a weak infirmity Sir Nicholas; you know he that refuseth a wife for a Fart, a Horse for a start, and a Groat for a crack, shall never be well wiv'd, well Hors'd, nor well money'd; come, come, Sir Nicholas, you must bear with her weakness, she is a woman, and your wife.

Alice. I, and will be a woman too in spight of his teeth, or else i'le want of my will, cannot I break wind when I catch cold, but you must mouth it?

Mast. A Womans will indeed, is a resolute beast, and deserves a strong kirb; if they once get a bit in their mouth they'l run to the devil.

Sir Nick.

Therefore ile flye them, as I flye from evil.
And shun bad women, as i'de shun the Devil.

(Exit, Sir Nick. and Alice.)

Mast. Clerk; Call in *Jone Wood h w -more* and *Daniel Doe-l ttle*, to answer what shall be objected each by other.

Clerk.

Clerk. Jone Wood-have-more, and Daniel Doe-little appear in the Court, and bring your Summons with you,

Enter Jone Wood-have-more, and Daniel Doe-little.

Mast. Jone, What canst thou say against Daniel? is he not a loving husband to thee?

Jone. I cannot say but he is loving enough, but love is not all that pleaseth a Woman, will love beget such beautiful Children as my neighbour K. or my neighbour B. hath; no, no. Love will not do it alone: I must confess he is a Musitian, and as timbersome a man as any lives in Cock-Lane, yet has but a meer Gut, a Chitterling, a Fiddle-string, that will make no musick to a Womans Instrument; yet when I tell him on't, he pulls it out and shakes it, and puts up his Fiddle-stick again, falls a kissing of me, & with a few other Jack-Puddings tricks, thinks that sufficient satisfaction; but this is the short & the long of the business, I have been his wife long enough, and have found his performances to be meer fooling, and no real performance at all: as a fine speech to a rotten Puppit-play; but I look for Reality Gentlemen,

men, and to have Children as well as my Neighbours: 'tis not now and then a Hoop-ring will please me. No, no, i'le get a Cooper i'le warrant him, that shall not want an Addze to labour withal.

No Woman can indure so vile a wrong,
As too too short, or have it too too long.

Mast. Daniel, what say'st for thy self?

Daniel. Will ye please to see, and if here be not enough to content any Woman in England ile———

Mast. Fie on him uncivil beast, kick him out of the Court, and commit him close prisoner to his own Horn-Pipe, and grant Jone liscence of freedom, to use and occupy for a a year and a day, and then this business to be called over again.

Ione. I humble thank your good Worships, I shall not be unthankful to you.

D. This is a doom I little thought to have.
For natures gifts to be a womans slave.
Exit Jone and Daniel.

Mast. Call in two more.

Clerk. Doll Hold up, and Frances Fain-would, appear in the Court.

Enter Doll Hold up, & Fran. Fain-would.

Doll. Nay, I can hold up & hold forth too, I have been at the Mouth at Aldersgate, and as loud as the best of them all; I have knocked down humane Learning, and

and have a Spirit i'le warrant thee that will teach thee something: Brother P. will not come to it like a Bear ward, or a Fencer, or a rude Cavileer that will swear dam him he will, but like a right spiritual Brother, seasoned for the work, and according to the right Rule of Foundation of Generation. O the rudeness of these wicked men, good People cast them from you, let not the Wicked's Seed be sown in the ground of the Righteous, I beseech you cast them from you: though the World calls them Husbands, they are Thieves & Robbers, Men of this world, that shall have their Portion in the Lake, the foul Lake.

Mast. This is a *Quaker*, away with her, if her Spirit be once rais'd, all the Devils in Hell cannot lay it again.

Doll. Thou art a Lyar, a Dog, a Coast of the foul Pit, the froth and scum of hell.

Master. Avoid *Satan*, i'le not hear a word more.

Fran. I fain would have reclaimed her from her Meetings, but it is as good to try to wash a Black-a-moor White, or to lade dry the Thames with a spoon, as to seek to turn her from her perverse will. Please her I cannot, but she calls me dissembling Lyar, Devil, nay; and makes

Horns

Horns in derision.

Mast. An absolute breach of priviledge, and deserv s a severe punishment. Clerk, make her Mittimus into Horn-Castle, where she may continue close, safe, and strickt imprisonment for a year and a day: and for honest Frances, Jone Wood-have-more may do well to employ him to do her Noctural drudgeries.

Fran. If it be Digging or Knocking, have at her. I can Humbore too, and have P--- and praise abroad, though I can have none at home: but from all Quakers, John-a-bob-tails, Brownings, and Shakers, Good Lord deliver me.

For when pretended Zeal doth lead astray,
Vertue forsakes, & vice doth shew the way.

Mast, Sure the Devil would not marry a Quaker, if they be so perverse. Call in some more of them and see what they are.

Clerk. Kate Knock-well, and William Dry-bones appear in the Court.

Enter Kate Knock-well, and William Dry-bones.

Mast. Come bonny Kate, what canst thou alledge against thy Husband, William Dry-bones?

Kate. An't please your Worships I have been

been married these six years, and yet can find no comfort at all befitting a woman; he told me he was a Clerk, but the Devil of one drop of Ink have I found in his Pen since I married him, whatsoever he had before; He is dry, dry as a Kix: Gentlemen, therefore I pray consider of a poor Woman, I am Flesh and blood as your Wives are, Gentlemen: Therefore either grant me Licence to use my own, or I will do it, and do it again: we Women must & will have our benevolence.

The World was never yet so dull,
If one Knave won't another will.

Will. Were a Mans body a full Marybone, thou'st quickly draw it dry, I warrant thee, thou wearest thy Magnetick stone under thy apron. that will draw more then the succour of a well, or a team of Flanders Mares, and if it be true that some say that love is a well, they'l drain the fiery dry, were it as deep as hell.

But I know the worst, Horns are my fate,
And horns do sometimes deck a lordly pate.

Mast. He hath confest himself a dry fellow, make Kate a commission to use her Talent, while

while he hath recruited his lamp, & then both parties will be pleased.

Kate. I am your Worships humble
Hand-maid, and do tell,
He that knocks best,
Can knock at best but well.

Exit **Kate** and **Dog-bone**.

Mast. Call in Nan Tickle-tail, and Peter Bad-cock. (both enter.)
Come Nan speak for thy self, & speak truth.

Nan. So I will an it please your Worship, I have been married two years, & had as good I had never been married at all, he has been at Burnt-Wood an't please ye, the Barber plaid the Jew with him, and instead of part, cut off all: he has not so much as would satisfie a Duck at a mouthful, an it please you: I hid it a long time for shame and reproach of people, but now I can hide it no longer: at night he quarrels with me in bed, but hang him Gingling Rascal, all the dogs in Cornucopia are little enough to bait him: Women are well hope up to marry with such Geldings.

Peter. It is well known I was a sound man when I married thee, Nan Tickle-tail, you have tickled me with the Pox when I was knocking at the Anvil, you were in Conjunction with Tom the Joy-

ner,

ner, and would come home as drunk as a Sow, and call me at your pleasure: pawn Petticoat, Smock, Waistcoat, and all to fee an Attorney to maintain your honesty, forsooth; though you have offended no less then three times, since you were my Wife; and once in the Cage, when the Taylors man in Black-Fryers had taken measure of your hide for a young hantling, you know who you was beholding too for a three-penny caudle, and a half-penny candle to stick in clay at the Beds-head, every feather i'm sure was an ell long: then you would come creeping home, crying good Peter, sweet Peter, receive in thy Nan, and I will work, and not desire a Penny of thee, but now whose worse then Peter; but I believe Peter must be the best flower in your Garden, when all is done.

Nan. To him my Dog, to him my Dog, halla, hollo, to him my Dog.

Pet. The Devil is hunting, sure for why? Women more loud then Dogs, their (game will cry.

Mast. The business is very foul between both, let it be referred to our next sitting, & call in the rest.

Clerk. Bess Bear-up-stiff, come into the Court and answer for thy self.

Enter

Enter Bess and Simon Silly.

Bess. As I am an honest and upright Woman, i'le have Justice against him for a Natural: this *Simon Silly* has enough on't, and enough to content any honest woman, if he knew how to use it; and bid him turn to me, he grins in my face, like Pugg upon a Close-stool, and turns his breech upon me, faith, he can play by himself. O Gentlemen, you little think what shifts I am driven too, to satisfie my longings.

Sim. You took the parsnip you Queen, and made me eat it without butter, when you had done. Another time you put me to scour an old Copper, and lay with the Tinker all the while: another time you sent me for Beer for the Weaver, when I looked in at the window and saw all; and yet you perswade me the Moon was in the twincle, and made the Glass shew every thing double.

Well, well, i'le say but little more,
No man was ever curst with such a Whore.

Mast. Make her a pass for *Jamaico*, send for a yellow coat *Francisco* she shall be banished.

Clerk.

men come with complaints that they o-vercome me with their clamours: some scolding, some swearing, and some cursing their Husbands, and threatning the Worshipful Bench.

Women corrupt, inrag'd, deny'd their wills,
Consume like fire, & worse then worsest ills.

Master.

I fear their rage, lest they o're men should
Adjourn the court until another day. (sway.

The Second Part

PROLOGUE.

YOu that are maim'd in *Venus* Wars,
Ne'r saw service, yet have scars;
You that play and never win,
At the Game of In and In:
Wives that draw as strong as Leeches,
Women that do wear the Breeches;
You that have your ground lye fallow,
Rachel Riggle, Susan swallow:
If your cases will bear action,
Here you may have satisfaction.

Clerk. I Perceive we muſt with ſpeed call a new Court, therefore it ſhall not be a miſs to provide two horned *Maces*, that may ſpread themſelves from one ſide of the ſtreets to the other, to clear all before us, and to procure ſome attendance on *Mars*'s Livery to guard us: and for that end I have beſpoken a Horn-work, that is already made, being a ſort of invincible ſtrength, to curb thoſe that ſhall inſult over us; raiſe any *Mutiny*, or diſturb the Proceedings of our Court: and now, ſince we have all things in readineſs, let us proclaim our Court, and proceed to Juſtice.

O Yes, O Yes, O Yes; *If there be any Man or Woman, in City, Town or Country, that hath been Marryed a Year and a Day, and cannot have their deſires of each other, in performance of Covenants, they have free liberty to draw up their Advowances, and preſent them to* Fumblers-Hall, *and they ſhall have ſpeedy redreſs. Or if any be troubled with the Yellows, or Corns on their Fore-Heads, or the Naves of their Necks, they ſhall (paying the Fees of the Court) be ſuddenly cured of the ſame.*

But I hear the Din already, that the

Bench

Bench is fat, and the company crowding in, and therefore I must make no delay, but proceed to read their Indictments; therefore *Mary Mar-all* and John Jolly-boy, appear in the Court, and answer to your several Indictments, upon the forfeiture of your recognizances.

Enter *Margery* Mar-all, and John *Jolly*-boy.

Marg. I desire of the Court, that I may first speak for my self. I am a Woman my Lord, and have nothing to defend me but my Tongue, and I am blest with more wit then my Husband, why should not I advance it to my uttermost profit? Yes, I will in spight of Fate: and since I have Marryed a Fool, a Fool I'le make of him; My Lord, he is not capable of ruling a Wife, and therefore 'tis fit a Wife should rule him; it must be a wise Man that governs a Woman, my Lord.

John. Ant please you my Lord, I had good Lands and Livings, Houses, and House-hold-stuff, Cattel, and Pullen abomination, all which I made her Mistris of, though she had not a Smock to her breech, when I first marryed her: presently

presently after she ingrossed all to her self, became a Free-state, and made me (not a Duke of Venice) but a meer property, a John Hold-my-staff, an't please ye: so that I could not be Master of a Penny I had: she made me Dine with her Servants too, and lye above in the Garret, where she would lock me in every night, and let me out at her pleasure. If this be fair my Lord, I appeal to the Wisdom of your Court: nay, she kept retainers too, and would lock me up in the Celler amongst the small-Beer, while she was above in the Chamber with her Bottles of Wine, Sweetmeats, and other Junkets. Well my Lords, none knows where the Shoe wrings but my self: If it where your Lordships case, as it is mine, I am sure you would never endure it.

That Man that let's his Wife bear rule,
Shall be both Wittal, Cuckold, and fool.

Mast. Come, come, I say you shall submit to your Wife, and be a good Subject too, you had best, or you shall hear from us.

Marg. I thank your Honour, I'le warrant you.

Clerk. Susan Shrews-face, and Richard Drab-all, appear in the Court, and answer

swer to what shall be objected against you.

Enter Susan Shrews-face, and Dick Drab-all.

Susan. Gentlemen, they say a curst Cow hath short Horns, but they that meddle with me shall find that I have Horns, Sting, and Venome too, besides these ten Weapons at my fingers ends, call 'um what you will: if I charge, 'tis not with false fire, but with Granadoes, Wild-fire, and the Artillery of Mischief, that ever a Woman can invent; if I once give the Allarum, beware of my Gun-shot with power, i'le fall on right or wrong; would I could see any sneaking Cuckold of them all that dares to charge me: Uts Fut, I'le quickly make him know sorrow, saw off his Horns, and put him to Grass; my Nicodemus follows Whores, an't please ye, spends all, Pawns his very breeches from his arse for 'um, 'twould make an Honest Woman speak, that had never a Tongue: they call me Shrew, but better be Shrew then a Sheep, though I have a Sheeps-head to my Husband, that's bewitched to dissembling whores whose faces are Lures, their Beauties Baits, their looks Nets, and their Charms:

Charms: and all to bewitch silly Gulls and to bring them to Ruine.

Dick. Patience good Wife, 'tis thy curstness that undoes me, and makes me run out.

Susan. Sirrah, I'le thunder such a Peal in your ears, shall drive thee and thy Whores from Bridewell to Newgate, and from thence to the Devil; I'le make Cuds Trumps: and therefore, look to t'y Coxcomb. (beats him)

Dick. O good wife, spare but my life, and i'le mend presently.

Susan. No, i'le scratch, tear, and kick thee limb from limb: and blow thee round the World as Attoms.

Dick. (curse,

What greater misery breeds a poor mans
Then a bad wife, a whore, or empty purse.

Mast. The Judgment of the Court is that for thy Fornication, thou shalt live wretched, and Dye a Beggar, thy wifes Tongue ringing thy dying Peal,

Call in the rest

Clerk. Sisly Suck-pot, Robert Rooksby, Winny Wagtail, Joseph Woodcock, appear in the Court, and save your Bayl.

(from without)

Mess. Sir, here's all the Scolds and Alley-birds in London, and the Suburbs, for

for their Liberties and Freedoms, both of Tongues, and Tales: they threaten and speak high words against this Court: therefore might I advise you, you shall adjourn the Court, for fear of further mischief: for they sing like Parrots, are all Horn-mad, carrying the Midsummer-Moon in their Banners.

Mast. 'Tis good Council, Women are full of danger, and too subtile for we Men: therefore we will take your Council. Clerk. Adjourn our Court until another time, and give notice to all the more civil Women, that they shall shortly repeat the Songs of these Airy Birds.

Which if it can but once delight 'um,
The Devil after can't affright 'um.

EPILOGUE.

IN the mean time good Women all,
You'r welcome to our *Fumblers Hall*,
Of your own will you cannot fail,
To have content from head to tail.

FINIS.

The Summons.

THESE are to Will and require.

That upon present Summons by Vertue of these presents, he forth-with maketh his Personal appearance at *Fumbers-Hall*, in *Fee'ds-Court*, at the sign of the *Labour-saving*, near unto the *Maidenhead* in *Doe-little Lane*, there to answer for his corporal disabilities, and such other charge as shall be objected against him by the present power, as he will answer the contrary at his peril.

Given under our Hands,

Sir Fardinando Fumbler, Clerk of the Company.

Ben. Badcock.
Dan. Doe-little.
Fran. Fain-would.
W. Would-do-more
Peter Pickles.